

At the Great Fiesta

Pickpockets worked the crowd.
So many that screams of
the dispossessed formed waves
of sickening dopplers.

Peasants wandered the chaos
seeking lost pants. Whores
had dropped them in fleeing,
and boys got a penny from merchants
who sold them back on usurious
terms after ridiculing penis
size to joyous drunks.

Mountebanks shouted
to regain the audience.